

Go Gentle Into That Good Night *(After Dylan Thomas)*

BART EDELMAN

Please, please, go gentle into that good night,
Old age should never burn at close of day;
And do not rage against the dying light.

Wise women at their end know death is right,
Because their words leave little left to say;
Please, please, go gentle into that good night.

Good women watch each wave and see how bright
Their deeds have danced across a silver bay,
And do not rage against the dying light.

Wild women catch and sing the sun in flight,
They learn to let grief hurry on its way,
Please, please, go gentle into that good night.

Brave women, near the last, adjust their sight
Through eyes that search to find a final ray,
They do not rage against the dying light.

And you, my mother, climb the lofty height,
Bless every step you calmly take, I pray.
Please, please, go gentle into that good night.
And do not rage against the dying light.